

# THE GUYER

and Saturday, May 5, 1866. *2010*



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THE REV. CANON MILLER, D.D.

VICAR OF GREENWICH.

THE Rev. Dr. Miller's name has once more been brought into prominence by his recent appointment to the Crown living of Greenwich. Her Majesty the Queen, while conferring honour on him, has also received honour by this act of royal favour towards so able and so distinguished a man. We cannot but congratulate the people of Greenwich, and, we may add, the people of London, on

this happy and popular election. Dr. Miller is sure, in a short time, to win the confidence and affection of his flock, and gain a powerful influence over the town by his pulpit ministrations and his extraordinary capacity and fondness for public work. His loss to Birmingham will be irreparable. No man, however gifted and earnest, can exactly take his place, and discharge his duties. His hold of the town has grown with *his* growth in active service. The death of the venerable Angell James, in 1859, hardly left so great a blank in Birmingham as will the removal of the rector of St. Martin's. He will be missed by every class of the community, and almost by every household. Just as the name of Mr. Jay is inseparably linked with the city of Bath, and that of Robert Hall with Leicester, and Hugh Stowell's with Manchester, and that of Dr. Raffles with Liverpool, so the name of John Cale Miller will never be dissociated from the midland metropolis, where he has spent the flower of his days, and on which he has stamped the impress of his high and noble character.

This eminent clergyman—whose portrait we publish above, and a sketch of whose life, we are sure will be acceptable to our readers—was born in October, 1814, so that he is now in his fifty-second year, and almost in the full vigour of intellect and bodily strength. He is the only child of John Miller, Esq., of Chelsea. Educated, in the first instance, at Brompton—where he had for a school-fellow the late Rev. Dr. Woolley, who was lost in the *London*, he graduated in 1835, in first-class honours, at the University of Oxford; from which university he also obtained his degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1858. After ordination, he served for some time the curacy of Bexley Heath, in Kent, and soon evinced pulpit excellence of an attractive and a useful character. He then removed to Park Chapel, Chelsea, and was assistant to the Rev. Thomas Vores, now Vicar of St. Mary's, Hastings—a venerable man, whose ministry is highly valued for its unusual spirituality and affectionate earnestness. On Mr. Vores's retirement, Dr. Miller was appointed sole minister of Park Chapel, and gradually took his place among the popular preachers and speakers at that time in London. His popularity in the metropolis has never in the least waned; but whenever he is called to preach in London, he draws an immense concourse to hear him. His labours at Chelsea were most abundant, and were greatly blessed. Rich and poor alike flocked to his ministry; and many persons still cherish for him a warm and grateful recollection.

On the resignation of the Rev. Thomas Moseley of the rectory of the mother church of Birmingham, in 1846, the trustees of that important living offered it to Canon Miller, who accepted it; and from that time to the present he has laboured incessantly, both with mind and body, for the good of the

people committed to his charge, and for the benefit of the whole town. The remarkable success which has followed his efforts has had its fame spread throughout the country. Few ministers are privileged to see with their eyes so much fruit as a reward of their toil. He found St. Martin's Church, which will hold 2,500 people, comparatively empty. From the day of his beginning his ministry there, the congregation has been one of the most splendid in the kingdom. On many occasions 3,000 people have been crowded within the building. The fabric itself cannot boast of any external beauty; but few sanctuaries, if any, present a spectacle so imposing and so grand as St. Martin's presents every Lord's-day morning and evening, with its thousands of worshippers hanging on the words of one of the foremost preachers of the times. There are persons now attending St. Martin's whose religious impressions began under the first sermon the rector preached from that pulpit, which has been his throne for nearly twenty years.

As a *preacher*, Dr. Miller is ever fresh. Let the subject in hand be the most abstruse and unattractive possible, he never fails to throw into it a novelty and a freshness, which fill it with interest and power. He has also great variety in his topics for the pulpit, and in his style of treating them. But he is peculiarly happy in giving every sermon a practical turn, and in being able to speak a word in season to every hearer. He may be said to be one of the most acceptable preachers in the Church of England. He has many things in his favour: a rich and flexible voice, a commanding presence, a winsome face, a well-stored mind, a large experience of human nature, and of human life and wants; a fertile brain, an excellent memory, a power of eloquence and rhetoric which never fails him; above all, a warm heart, and an intense earnestness of spirit, kindled and kept alive by the grace of God.

No doubt it is as a preacher that Dr. Miller is most widely known, and most celebrated. But while preaching is his chief excellence, it is by no means his only one. As an administrator of a parish he is confessedly unrivalled. Down to the minutest detail of parochial arrangement and work he is concerned. The fact that many of his plans have been adopted in other parishes throughout the land shows the importance which his brethren attach to any of his suggestions, and to his judgment.

As a *man of business* he is most remarkable. It has often been said of him that had he been in trade he would have become a merchant prince; had he been a lawyer, he would have risen to the woolsack. He is a great acquisition to any committee. The way in which he, as chairman, conducted the affairs of the Working Men's Exhibition in Birmingham, recently held, commanded the admiration of the whole town. The working men are his true friends, and they owe him a debt which

they can never pay. He was almost the first clergyman to make special efforts among them. He was the originator of those special services for the working classes which begun in 1857 at St. Martin's, and have spread far and wide, and have been held in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. There is no question but that these services have tended greatly to win over the masses to religion and the church. Moreover, too, Dr. Miller, among other things, has interested himself in behalf of the hospitals and charities of the town, and was the author of those periodical collections, held in October of every year in every church and chapel in the town and neighbourhood, for these institutions. No less a sum than £25,000 has been raised in this way during the last five years. If we add to these works his activity on committees, his labours as a deputation for most of our religious societies, his pastoral visitations, his promptness in laying hold of passing events, his catholicity of heart, his friendliness to his brother clergy, and his countless acts of kindness to men in every class of life, we form some idea of Canon Miller's character and life.

As an evidence of the esteem in which he is held by men of all creeds and ranks, we have only to refer to that meeting which was convened a few weeks since by the mayor, a Wesleyan, for the purpose

of raising funds towards a testimonial from the town, which shall be worthy of Dr. Miller's acceptance. On that occasion the resolutions were spoken to by a Unitarian minister; also by Mr. Dale, Angell James's successor; and by a Jew. The speeches alone were a testimony to Canon Miller's excellences, which the money raised cannot surpass in value. It is probable that £2,000 will be presented to him on his departure. The congregation also will give a separate token of their attachment. So will the working men, and the rifle corps, of which the rector is chaplain.

In these days of prevailing scepticism, it is of the utmost consequence that we have men in our churches and chapels of the stamp of Dr. Miller, who is able to grapple with the errors which are continually started, and whose character for piety and consistency is beyond suspicion; and who can command the respect, and attention, and confidence of the masses of our population. We bless God for such a man as Dr. Miller; and we wish for him health, and acceptance, and success in his new field of labour, to which he goes accompanied by the sympathies and prayers of all Christians who know him, and who regard him as a champion for the truth of God, and an "able minister of the New Testament."

## THE SNOWDROP.

**W**HAT time our "sacred mother Earth"  
Doth veil her tearful face beneath  
Her coverlet of snow, and death  
Seems everywhere to conquer birth;

E'en then, perchance, you may descry  
A gentle flower of modest worth,  
As if afraid to venture forth,  
Retire, half hidden to the eye.

Fair Snowdrop! harbinger of spring!  
And emblem sure of hopeful cheer,  
Thy advent, firstling of the year,  
I hail, and what thou tell'st I sing.

Thy drooping head, as if in grief,  
Seems turning to the prospect drear;  
But young and green leaves press thee near,  
As cherishing a life so brief.

And thus Hope, strong in youth and love,  
Shares with regretful Age her dower  
Of cheerful trust—a healing power,  
Which Memory doth not always prove.

I hold it true that Hope divine  
Outshineth far, with brighter light,  
All that is offered to the sight,  
Or mind, in Memory's golden shrine.

For when oppressed with anxious care,  
We seek a solace to our grief,  
Fond Expectation gives relief,  
And builds grand castles in the air:

But cold Reality would be  
A sorry comforter to trust;  
Those castles crumble into dust;  
Nought left but dull, blank misery.

Though in th' unknown we darkly grope,  
And fondly think on days gone by;  
Whilst o'er the *past* reigns Memory,  
The *future* owns the sway of Hope.

What arms the serried ranks of men  
With breasts of steel and hearts of fire?  
'Tis not, I ween, the paltry hire,  
Nor lust of booty, nor of gain.

What gives the sailor strength to plough  
His course along the treacherous deep,  
In distant lands true faith to keep?  
See! Glory shines upon the prow,

And leads them onward, like a star,  
Nor rest they till the victory's won,  
Which they deem true, the noblest crown  
Their country's praise, though heard from far.

The lover, when his path is crossed  
With fears he cannot all remove,  
Yet feels that nought can conquer Love,  
So no part of that love be lost;

While she for whom he lives and strives,  
Divides his cares by sharing all,  
Doubling the joys that may befall;  
And surest Hope from thence derives.

All these do somehow feel that good  
Will follow in the track of ill;  
The rising Sun will gild yon hill,  
Which yesternight he bathed in blood.

Thus in the earthly race we see  
A merciful design takes place;  
Hope doth with easy flight surpass  
The steady pace of Memory.

Let fondest Recollection call  
To clearest view the scenes most dear,  
The hours we've spent most happy here,  
And converse the most sweet of all;

Still faithful Hope points on before,  
To other scenes of brighter bliss,  
Where all that holiest, happiest is,  
And Love increases more and more;

Where hours and days no being know,  
But joys eternal range along,  
In endless round of ceaseless song,  
And words of deepest meaning flow.

Be near us, Hope divine, when Death  
Is hovering o'er us—when the light  
Of Life fast flickers in the night—  
Be near, and guide our parting breath!

E. G. A.

## A RUN-AND-READ RAMBLE TO ROME.

BY OUR CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

### CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTION.

**W**E are bound for Rome—regal Rome, consular Rome, imperial Rome, pontifical Rome. By "we," I mean myself and a large party, who have at this season—an unusual time for taking a holiday—made up our minds for spending Easter in Rome, for the grand ceremonials of Holy Week. We also purpose visiting, *en route*, the principal cities of Italy, north and south. With your kind permission, I propose to detail the events (if there should be any events—of any consequence, I mean) of my journey. No doubt there have been enough of jottings by the way, and etchings of the route to Rome innumerable. Still, each man sees with his own eyes, and hears with his own ears, and observes according to his power of observation; and no one could possibly pass through the varied scenes that are before us, without meeting with some opportunity of bringing forth things new and old in the matter of my projected line of march.

Just at this moment, as yet scarcely started, the only member of the party that I am acquainted with is—myself. I understand our full muster-roll will reckon up between fifty and sixty. Some of my friends predict that this will be a too unwieldy number, that we shall never get on, that we shall fall out by the way, that there will be too many to please, and no end of this style of prophesying evil things. Whether these good folks are true prophets or not remains to be seen. For my own part, I feel "the more the merrier;"

many minds and varied dispositions mix uncommonly well together; one draws out another; and unless folks should be very perverse and peevish, I cannot see why a great many should not get on together as well as a few. The subsequent chapters of my narrative, however, will tell the actual result. Now that I am looking over the route on my map, I feel inclined to think we shall have so much to see, and perhaps so much to say, we shall not have time to quarrel; and as for my narrative, I rather think I shall be embarrassed by the multitude of thoughts and things that will occur, suggesting the words of the German hymn (slightly altered):—

"We have so many things to say,  
So large a number to repress;  
Time flies, alas, so soon away,  
We cannot half we would express."

I was somewhat surprised to read in the daily newspapers, a few days before leaving England, a paragraph quoted from a despatch sent to Lord Clarendon by Mr. Odo Russell, British Consul at Rome, informing intending visitors not to take with them Colt's revolvers or Bibles, as both are prohibited in Rome, and if brought there would be taken from us. I had never intended making a revolver to constitute a part of my travelling baggage; but a Bible certainly I mean to take with me. I may be absent seven weeks, and without meaning to say I could not do without a Bible for that space of time, I would at least not like to be for so long a time a stranger to its words, especially during travel, when the release from ordinary labour, and the engagement of the mind on



thoroughly new scenes, might possibly, without some check, lead to a reaction into carelessness and thoughtlessness respecting the weightier matters of a man's inner life and experience. So I propose to include a copy of the Bible in my travelling kit.

And, talking about the Bible, it occurs to me to say that the Epistle to the Romans might most profitably be read at such a time as this, when one is bound for the city, to the Christian inhabitants of which St. Paul addressed one of his inspired letters, containing words of encouragement which do not apply to that Church now, and admonitions which more properly apply now-a-days than they did even in the day of the apostle's personal ministry. At all events, though not quite in the same context, I am disposed to pray the prayer of the apostle,—“Making request, if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey by the will of God to come unto you.” I may also say of Rome as Paul did,—“I long to see you;” though I cannot add, as he did,—“That I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established” (Rom. i. 10, 11). Alas, things have changed and altered much since Paul's days! Papal Rome is more intolerant of Paul's teaching than was Rome Pagan. Paul's personal ministry and Paul's Epistle were not prohibited by Cæsar; but not so now, under the headship of the professed monarch of Christendom!

Well, my object in visiting Rome is not on that high-souled mission of Paul; nor is it in the controversial spirit of a protesting martyr; nor yet on the penitential visit of a pilgrim to a holy shrine. I am going in the ordinary nineteenth-century style—as a sight-seer and an observer of what is to be seen and observed. There ought to be much to be seen, much to be known, much to be learned from the sights and scenes of that fine old classic ground, and from its ancient and modern associations with the Christian faith. Rome is, to my mind, second only to Jerusalem in matters of historical interest and religious antecedents. Both are now but the spent ruin of their former selves; from each the true glory has departed. In Rome, as a school for thought and observation, I mean to spend a brief space. With such an object in view, I hope my readers will wish me a hearty “God speed!”

## CHAPTER II.

### THE START.

“*BON voyage!*” But where shall I begin?—when I enter Rome? or when I enter Italy? or when I cross the Channel? or before I leave the threshold of my home? or when I first began to think of going? These are all and each of

them starting-points for Rome. I do believe that most of the great facts of our history may be fine-drawn a long way back to very remote causes; just as Mr. Kinglake traces the Crimean war to very distant and subtle beginnings; and M. Thierry, in his “History of the Norman Conquest,” spins his thread of causes to the fineness of a spider's web, when he attenuates the causes of the modern disaffection of Ireland to the scarcely-perceptible influences of the battle of Hastings, and the conflict between Harold and William of Normandy. I might in this little matter of my Ramble to Rome fine-draw after this fashion:—I am now starting; before this I intended to start; before this I wished to start; and for many years I have been hoping and waiting for the opportunity to be off to the “Eternal City.” So, if you must have causes, “the wish was father to the thought,” the thought developed into action, and now I am going. Farewell!

The afternoon of Friday, 9th March, found me on my way to Newhaven—a new haven for ships on the Sussex coast. The starting of the train from London Bridge that afternoon was rather more active, and busy, and bustling than the 4.5 train usually is at this season of the year. The promoter of the tour was in attendance, supplying to each of the party a small neat book of coupons, which would frank us by rail and water as far as Turin, the second delivery for the further stages to be made on our arrival in that city. This little book in hand served as a sign of recognition; and each seemed to take the measure of everybody else, as though we were all anxious to know what manner of people would this party of fellow-travellers consist of. One may, I think, be pardoned a little extra measure of inquisitiveness under such circumstances, seeing the new relationship involves a temporary bond, “for better, for worse,” and, like the black man's complaint to the minister who married him to his sable bride, it might turn out to be “*all worse*, and no better.” Still, this passing glance declared nothing, and gave no certain sign. I was still ignorant of the stuff we were made up of. Most of the party were already boxed up in their carriages; and all I could see face to face for any length of time were three gentlemen and a lady who occupied the same compartment with myself,—and these were promising enough to begin with.

Arrived at Newhaven—a bleak, cold, cheerless place, and not at all re-assuring for the matter of travelling—we embark on board the *Bordeaux*, said to be the best of the steam-boats plying on that line. About twenty of us sit down to dinner and tea in the saloon; but we soon disband, and from certain causes become invisible for the rest of the voyage. For my part, I must confess to a queer feeling the moment I set foot upon ship-board.

Neptune is not the patron deity of my life; at least, if he is, he takes but very poor care of his *protégé*. He avenges himself terribly upon my poor carcass, and demands heavy tribute while I remain as a citizen upon his watery domain. But surely there can be no use in beginning a picture that promises so well with a wretched daub of the very worst brush. All travellers who have survived to tell their experiences of the deep, make a point of the matter of the sea-sickness. They write about it, until they fairly overdo the thing, and (forgive the pun) keep stirring up the question even *ad nauseam*. Only, it did occur to me that I was undergoing a visitation, and a humiliation too; and the thought struck me as a good one (was it Hood's?) that if "Britannia rules the waves," it would be very desirable she would "rule them straighter." There is just this disadvantage arising from our insular position, that Britannia's sons cannot cross the Channel without the waves ruling them. But enough on this initial drawback to one's enjoyment. It is only a very few hours out of a great many days; the pain before the pleasure; or, as good old John Bunyan would say of higher things—"The bitter before the sweet but makes the sweet the sweeter." It is over so in life; one day tossed on rough waves and blown by rude tempests, and then all is peace and sunshine; and for the enjoyment of the one you are ready to bear the disadvantage of the other—

"I would bear the fierce storm and the winter's rough blast,  
For the summer and sunshine of days that are past!"

We have crossed over safely to Dieppe. It is two o'clock in the morning—not a very pleasant time to be turned adrift, with all your worldly

goods, in the streets of a strange town. Our party is strangely mixed—ladies and gentlemen, and not one of us looking in the least interesting. It was well it was dark, for though our baggage is "inspected" just about that crisis, we were not ourselves subjected to that ordeal. We stole away to our hotel—everything being provided by the promoter of our expedition long beforehand. Dieppe continues the same quaint old town as when I first visited it a few years ago. As we traversed its hard rough pavement, and sniffed the air of the place, I remarked how true it is what some one has said, that there are two ways by which a continental city may be "perceived"—by the eyes, and by the nose. On this occasion, it being dark, "the noses had it." The drainage of Dieppe, like the drainage of most of these continental towns, is a thing quite above-board—it circulates *on* the surface, and not *under* the surface of the streets. It is only now that "the street is up" in Paris itself for this important purpose—the drainage works in the Rue St. Honoré being apparently in vigorous operation. But no matter now for that, all is comfortably provided at our hotel, and there is no reason for grumbling. We have nothing to do save to take a cup of tea or coffee, and retire to rest. This last, however, would ere long be broken again, for we must start by the early train (6.45) for Paris, *via* the Rouen and Normandy line. It was scarcely worth while undressing for this, so we took a brief snatch of a sleep, and were up betimes, and, still without making many new acquaintances, we hied off to the Great Western of France. So, we have fairly started!

(To be continued.)

## 'ST. THOMAS, THE TYPE OF A MISUNDERSTOOD MAN.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

"Let us go and die with him."



YEARS ago, when viewing in the Mayor's Chapel at Bristol a picture called "The Unbelieving Thomas," it suggested the reflection how universally the name of Thomas is identified with his doubt of his Lord and Master's resurrection. So much so, that most men never think of him in any other light.

The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good lies buried with their bones."

"But (whatever man may do) the Lord is not righteous to forget (any man's) work of faith and labour of love," in whatever shape, from the loftiest to the lowliest, the faith and love is manifested. St. Thomas has more justice done him in

the pages of the inspired evangelists, than in the traditions or conversations of the Church. Whether for a trial of character, or of condition, how often we see the wisdom of David's choice in his strait, "It is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men."

St. Thomas is usually quoted as an example of that discontent with other men's testimony, which will not yield assent except to personal evidence. There is, however, a feature in the hesitation of Thomas to receive the truth of the resurrection, which is preferable to some men's faith—viz, the desire for direct individual experience, instead of the careless habit of receiving Divine or human truth as a matter of course, apart from earnest self-interested examination and study. Such men's faith is apt to fall under the category of things, which, like a gambler's winnings, "easily come

and easily go." The greater the anxiety and concern involved in any fact, the more assurance is required. Thomas was too sincere in his desire to believe his blessed Lord had risen from the dead, to be altogether or immediately satisfied with hearsay statements. He longed for more proof to justify himself in entertaining so delightful a conviction. But all those high and holy hopes and expectations which seemed to have been extinguished with the life of their Master, were triumphantly revived by his resurrection from the dead. His brother apostles put no such harsh construction upon his hesitation as after-ages of the Church did; nor is such a construction sustainable by the terms of our blessed Lord's expostulation. Taking the history of the transaction as recorded in John xx. 24-29, there is little in its terms to warrant the judgment so generally passed upon the apostle. Sufficient evidence—what more satisfactory than ocular demonstration?—had disarmed the unbelief of all the other apostles, but on the first occasion of our Lord's appearing unto them, after he had risen from the dead, Thomas was absent. When the apostles reported to him what they had seen, it was such glorious news, so important to be absolutely certified beyond the possibility of a misconception, that Thomas declined believing till he had subjected the actual person of the Saviour to what, in point of fact, had assured themselves—viz, the test of his senses. He would put his finger in the print of the nails which had fixed him to the cross, and thrust his hand into the wound pierced by the Roman's spear, before he would or could adopt their conviction of the reality of what they asserted. It was no small penalty on his obstinacy—if it is right so to consider it—that for a whole week he deprived himself of communion with the joy and consolation of his brethren, and remained in the hazy gloom and solicitude of suspense. On the eighth day following, i.e., on the next return of "the first day of the week," which, from this period, was observed as the Christian Sabbath, and was consecrated by the style and dignity of "the Lord's day" (Acts xx. 7; 1 Cor. xvi. 2; Rev. i. 10), Jesus reappeared, "and Thomas was within." The tender love of the Saviour vouchsafed to the halting apostle, the very test which he demanded. Using Thomas's words, which it nowhere appears the other apostles had repeated to their Lord, he who "needed not that any man should tell him, for he knew what was in man," surprised him, seized him, as it were, by the hand, like Lot's angels, "while he lingered," and no doubt rendered any other test unnecessary. "Reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless, but believing." One can imagine the intense overwhelming pathos with which the loving Saviour uttered these words, by their instantaneous impression on Thomas. It

does not appear that he availed himself of the permission to touch the Lord's sacred wounds, but at once exclaimed, "My Lord and my God." The loyal cry of returning fealty and homage not only acknowledges the personal identity of his risen Lord, but his divinity also. It pointed the argument deducible from the resurrection. It soared into the highest region of theology, proclaiming the eternal Godhead of the Son of Man. Thus, the very doubt ministered to a higher scale of faith. Such is the only faith ever effectual with any man—viz., the faith which is the gift of the Spirit, but based upon the individual's own conviction. Fairly interpreted, the doubt of Thomas is but a natural foil to the glory of his confession. It should come down to us, not as an incident betraying the habit of distrusting and rejecting competent testimony, but as an example of determination to examine evidence for one's self. It is an illustration of compliance with the precept, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." It was not so much abstract unbelief, as a timid faith struggling with a difficulty, of its own creation indeed, but just such a one as a greater earnestness is more apt to generate, than the formal, uninquiring acquiescence which takes things for granted, and does no more. I had rather doubt with Thomas, till my Lord convinced me, than believe, like those followers of Christ, who, at the first trespass on their prejudices and current notions, were offended, and "walked no more with him."

A creed is a documental palladium, essential as an appeal and preservative against heresy, for the Church as a body; but there is an individual misuse of creeds which makes them obstacles rather than handmaids to clear advised, realised views of "the faith once delivered to the saints." It is well to read our ancient apostolic symbol written on the walls of the church, but let it be no substitute for that personal faith in the atoning blood and sanctifying righteousness of the Saviour, which, by the power of the Holy Ghost, is "writ, not on tables of stone, but on fleshly tables of the heart," constituting the believer's life, "an epistle," like the emblazoned creed, "known and read of all men." Guard against a religion of course, a system of theology, instead of practical Christianity and personal devotion. Do not be too ready to take every man's word without inquiry. "Believe not every spirit, but search the spirits whether they be of God." Read for yourselves, as you must pray for yourselves; think for yourselves, as you must believe for yourselves; examine yourselves, as you must repent for yourselves; and "*judge* yourselves, lest ye be judged of the Lord." In this injunction culminates the sanction of personal duty in every man to himself, in relation to the solemn crisis

when "every one of us," not in a mass, but in single individuality of answer, "must give an account of *himself* before God."

On the other hand, if there be something on the face of it questionable in Thomas's resistance of the witness of his brethren (who were not, at that time, be it remembered, inspired men, and therefore the doubt of Thomas is not to be placed in the same category with resisting the Scriptures, or the Holy Ghost), there is no question, no pause, as to admitting his heroic devotion to the Saviour in a previous instance of his apostleship, to which, probably, too little prominence has been given by the Church. It was on that memorable occasion, recorded in John xi. 7, 8, 16, when Jesus proposed: "Let us go into Judea again." And his disciples said unto him, "Master, the Jews of late sought to stone thee; and goest thou thither again?" But when Jesus, nevertheless, persisted in undertaking the perilous journey, and explained that he was about so to deal with the dead Lazarus as to consolidate their faith in himself—"to the intent ye may *believe*"—then Thomas, the "doubting disciple," as the world calls him, offered himself as a *dying* disciple, by the noble burst of enthusiastic attachment to Jesus, which should be written in letters of gold, but which few remember it is written at all; "Then said Thomas, which is called Didymus, unto his fellow-disciples, Let us also go, that *we may die with him!*" Martyr at heart, long before you were actually called upon to die for him, who died for you. Pass a few years of labour, self-denial, persecution, suffering, and reproach, and Thomas fulfilled his words by sealing them with his blood. Henceforth, whenever I remember thy doubt, I will sink it in the memory of thy death, the death thou wouldst have offered to thy Lord, and the death by which the world ultimately took thee at thy word.

Expounding thy hesitation to believe the Gospel of the resurrection, not by a habit of scepticism, but by an honest anxiety for more assurance, I will take no warrant for my own "halting between two opinions." Other men hold back, not because the tidings are too glorious, but because the doctrines and corresponding duties are too antagonistic to the views and predilections of the natural man. May I be ready so to believe, that "what things were gain to me," I may at once "count but loss for Christ," and be prepared in all things to submit "to the law and to the testimony," and to identify as such the witness of "holy men of old who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

On a subsequent occasion, the Lord was speaking of his Father's house, and of his going to prepare a place for them, and reminded them, "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." Again Thomas makes a confession, this time of ignorance on his

own part, and on the part of the rest of the disciples, obviously with no other motive than to elicit their Lord's further teaching. "Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?" Then, without one word of reproof, which would not have been withheld had the confession incurred it, Jesus proclaimed, in reply to Thomas, that ever-blessed, glorious doctrine, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me" (John xiv. 6).

I will not say we owe that cheering declaration to Thomas, because he and all the rest of the Church owe it to our Lord; but it was the humble and meek confession of Thomas's ignorance which drew forth the lesson. And the incident conveys this practical teaching—viz., it is better to acknowledge our ignorance in the sight and hearing of our Lord, than by a silent, perhaps, vain attempt at concealing and suppressing it, remain spiritually, if not judicially, blinded, and grope on still in darkness. Better admit our doubt, and candidly state our difficulty, and wait, and search, and pray, and watch for further evidence, than profess to believe what we only tolerate, and be satisfied with nominal concessions, to the prejudice of real personal conviction. On this point Thomas has not been the only misunderstood man. He was honest in his doubt than many are in their conventional belief. Thomas was a Didymus, a twin-doubter to many an anxious brother troubled, like himself, at statements which at first seemed too good to be true, and because so good and gracious, and just what the soul most wanted at the moment, the inquiring man was on that very account unable to receive without more assurance. But once assured, the faith at length arrived at through such an ingenuous process, is a *real* faith, the faith of understanding and conscientious conviction, and is more to be relied on, stronger, more fruitful, and giving more glory to God, than the careless, uninquiring admission, which yields only to evade the trouble of controversy, or to let its conscience escape the collateral consequences of a real profession of Christ. Let us learn from Thomas to make religious evidences personal matters, rather than conventional, or even theological. Theological evidences may satisfy the mind, but personal convictions alone, by the blessing of God, reach the heart, enlighten the conscience, elevate the soul, and solemnise the life. He studies best who prays most, and whose chief text-book is the Book of God. The Holy Spirit is the sole effectual commentator. Seek him, consult him for yourself, and yours will be David's spiritual triumph: "I have more understanding than all my teachers, . . . for thy statutes are the men of my counsel."

If you mark another man hesitating as to his adoption of what appears to you to be "clear as





*Drawn by H. CAMERON.]*

*[Engraved by W. L. THOMAS.*

"And there was sorrow in his voice,  
That did not to the tune belong."—p. 522.

the noon-day," do not set him down at once as an unbeliever, but bless God "you have not so learned Christ," sympathise with the man who may yet be your brother—help him, pray for him, point out the special passages, or the internal evidences in your own heart and mind, which were most influential in inducing your own confidence in God, and encourage him to listen to the truly-gracious interpretation of those tender words of Jesus to the doubting Thomas: "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing." Urge him to try Thomas's heart-felt acknowledgment of Jesus as his "Lord and God," and may the Holy Spirit of

Jesus open all our eyes to perceive the interest of every believing soul who is willing to confess him, on such evidence as may be submitted to their personal examination, professing to walk by faith, and not by sight, as disciples of that more exact philosophy of belief which is defined by the inspiration of its Author and Giver, as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Then, without disparaging Thomas on the one hand, or envying him his particular privilege on the other, the same grace and mercy includes both conditions in the equal benediction: "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

### THE STREET-SINGER.

**S**AW a crowd about the street,  
 'Twas just as evening's shadows fell,  
 And on mine ear a voice rang out,  
 As sweet and clear as silver bell.

A boy stood singing in the crowd,  
 He sang a dear old household song,  
 And there was sorrow in his voice,  
 That did not to the tune belong.

As though he thought of days when want  
 Was only part of stories told—  
 Before he knew the stranger's lot,  
 And found that London streets are cold.

It called again a by-gone time,  
 When I lived on in stern despair,  
 And knew not, till God's mercy dawned,  
 That He had watched me everywhere.

And now I love to trace the scenes  
 Where I in doubt and danger stood;  
 For brightest from the darkest days  
 Shines out the truth that "God is good."

If safe, through agony and doubt,  
 That stranger lad his cross shall bear,  
 Amid his blessings he will count  
 The night that he stood singing there.

I. F.

### DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

#### DUDLEY TENNEFORD; OR, FRANKNESS.

**D**UDLEY TENNEFORD was a quick, high-spirited, obliging boy; but he was not without some serious faults. Among other failings, he had the bad habit of making false excuses. Whenever reproved for a fault, he would seldom own to being in the wrong, but was always ready to throw the blame on others. I do not mean to say that Dudley would actually tell a lie, but he was not straightforward and open.

Once his mamma sent him, in a great hurry, to purchase some writing-materials. "You have been rather a long time, my dear," she said, when he returned, quite out of breath.

"There were two customers in the shop, mamma," was his quick reply, "and I was obliged to wait."

So far this was true; but had he forgotten that he was detained quite five minutes talking to one

of his school-fellows? Dudley gained nothing by his false excuses; his parents knew perfectly well he would always make the case out to his own advantage, and consequently he was often blamed for what he had not done.

When he was about ten years old, he was invited to spend the day at his uncle's, who had a large house and ground, a few miles from London. There were many attractions at Haddon Hall, and Dudley had been looking forward for many days to this visit.

Little Arthur, who was an only child, had a pretty Shetland pony of his own, and he rode over on the day named to fetch his cousin. He was delighted to have him for a companion; he took him round the garden, showed him his pretty rabbits, promising to give him one to take home. They then agreed to a game at ball on the lawn.

When they had been playing some time, Dudley exclaimed, "Come, Arthur, I'm tired of playing at

ball; I have a mind to climb that tall tree in front of the green-house." So saying, he walked off, leaving Arthur to find the ball which he had carelessly thrown among the laurels.

The little boy followed soon after, and, passing the lawn, stopped to look at a highly-prized tulip border of his father's; but what was his dismay when he saw no less than three of the beautiful flowers trodden down, and one broken entirely off the stem! He took the broken flower in his hand, and was walking slowly towards the house, when he heard Dudley's merry voice calling him. He took no notice at first, but the call was repeated; so he turned back, and went to his cousin, who was now half-way up the tree.

"Holloa!" he cried, "what's the matter? can't you find the ball?" but seeing the poor little fellow looked perplexed, he quickly dismounted.

Arthur told him about the tulips, and how vexed his father would be. "I must go at once and tell him," he added.

"Nonsense," said Dudley; "you don't want to go just now. I suppose Fido or the cat must have done it."

"What mischief now?" said old William, the gardener, who came up just in time to hear the last sentence.

"Oh, William! three of papa's beautiful tulips broken. Have you seen Fido about here lately, or the cat?"

The old man shook his head. "There's been no dog or cat about this morning, as I know on. What do Master Dudley say about it?" he said, with a clever nod of the head.

"I!" said Dudley, looking quite indignant, "I know nothing about it; in fact, I did not know uncle had a tulip border in his garden."

Just then Mr. Stanton came from the green-house. He looked very grave when he had heard the story, and cast a searching glance at Dudley, who looked confused. "It is not the value of the tulips that I care about, but I should like much to know who has done the mischief."

The boys both declared they knew nothing about it, so Mr. Stanton passed it over for the present, intending to make further inquiries; but not having heard anything satisfactory, he sent for Dudley to come to his study before going home.

"I have sent for you, my boy," he began, "to speak to you once more about this morning's disaster. I am sorry to say I cannot rely much upon your word; painful though it may be, I must remind you that, in two or three cases, I have known you to deviate from the truth. One can forgive a boy being careless, if he only comes forward openly and confesses his fault."

"Indeed, uncle, I know nothing about it," persisted Dudley with tears. "I had not been near that part of the garden."

"I hope it may be as you say," replied his uncle; "but you cannot wonder at my not putting much faith in your word. I do not wish to be unjust to you, my boy, therefore I will let it rest at present; but I shall not feel satisfied till I have found out the truth."

Dudley went home with a heavy heart; everyone believed him guilty of falsehood, and when his mother came to take his candle and wish him good night, as was her custom, he threw his arms round her neck, exclaiming—

"Oh, mamma! I am so miserable; I shall never be happy again." And then told her all, adding, "No one will believe me, mamma; I cannot even expect that papa and you will think I am speaking the truth when I say I never saw the tulips. Oh, mamma! it is too much; I cannot bear it." And the poor boy buried his face in his hands, and gave way to violent grief.

"Calm yourself, my boy," said Mrs. Tenneford; "I believe you are speaking the truth; I have never known you to persist in falsehood, and I trust this will teach you that you cannot be too careful to speak the exact truth at all times."

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed, "God helping me, I will never again, as long as I live, say the least thing that is not true. I am justly punished, but, oh! it might be worse; I am glad my own dear mother believes me," he said. "I will never again give occasion for any one to doubt my word."

"You must not rely too much on your own strength, my dear boy," said Mrs. Tenneford, kissing him fondly. "You will need much strength from above to help you to overcome your fault; you will need also to be always watching lest you fall into temptation. Good night, and may God bless you."

A month passed away, and nothing had been heard of respecting the tulips, when one morning Arthur rode over on his pretty pony, inquiring for Dudley, who had not yet returned from school. His uncle and aunt were both out, so he resolved to go and meet his cousin. He did not go far before he met him hurrying home. He would have passed in his hurry, had not Arthur called for him to stop.

Dudley looked up in surprise. "You here, Arthur!" he said.

"Oh, Dudley!" exclaimed the little fellow, "I have come to bring you news about those unfortunate tulips. Papa is quite convinced now that you did not tell him a falsehood, and he desired me to tell you he was very sorry you were blamed unjustly. Joe, the gardener's boy, has been dangerously ill, and mamma has been continually to see him. The poor boy seemed very grateful for her kindness, and yesterday he confessed to her that he had broken the tulips; he said he knew he should never feel happy till he had told."

"Do you know, Arthur," said Dudley, "I felt

sure it would be cleared, somehow. I have resolved, with God's help, to be frank and open for the future, that no one can ever suspect me again." And Dudley kept to his word, and soon gained a character for truthfulness.

At the early age of fifteen he went to an office in London, where he soon became very valuable; for besides being quick, and bright, every one put most implicit trust in his word.

E. N.

## KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 507.

"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. xii. 2.

1. Lamech .....	Gen. iv. 23.
2. O phrah .....	Judg. viii. 27.
3. O phrah .....	Judg. ix. 5.
4. K eilah .....	1 Sam. xxiii. 12.
5. I shbosheth's .....	2 Sam. iv. 6.
6. N ebajoth .....	Gen. xxviii. 9.
7. G enubath .....	1 Kings xi. 20.
8. U rijah .....	Jer. xvi. 23.
9. N er's .....	2 Sam. iii. 8, 23.
10. T ibni .....	1 Kings xvi. 21.
11. O n .....	Numb. xvi. 1.
12. J obus .....	1 Chron. xi. 6.
13. E lhanan .....	2 Sam. xxi. 19.
14. S irah .....	2 Sam. iii. 26.
15. U riah .....	2 Sam. xi. 1, 17.
16. S hiloh .....	1 Sam. i. 9.

## TIMID TOMMY.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.

**S**EE! Timid young Tommy runs frightened away  
When with him a doggie begins to play;  
And still he shivers and shakes, for, hark!  
The same little doggie begins to bark.

Last night, Timid Tom was sent out of the town.  
Not very long after the sun went down;  
But, reaching the churchyard, ran back in a fright,  
And said he'd seen something most terribly white!

When passing the churchyard next morning, he found  
That a new white stone had been fixed in the ground;  
But, greatly ashamed though he be of his fright,  
He would not, for worlds, pass the same place to-night.

How foolish is Tommy to fear a dog's bark!  
And sillier still to take fright of the dark:  
For our Father in heaven, if to Him they pray,  
Will watch o'er His children by night as by day.

H.

## KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

## CHAPTER II.

## I, MYSELF—I.



**R.** CHRISTOPHER GRASPINGTON was one of those men who, with tough sinews, and tougher consciences, fight the battle of life, and come off, in a sense, conquerors, where wiser men, and better men, are vanquished. There is no doubt that good brains, and good principles, do often nobly scale the hill of difficulty on which Fortune's temple stands, and set an encouraging example to others; but there is a very different class of men, who, by sheer dint of hardness and graspingness, "get on," and glorify themselves accordingly. Of this most offensively superlative and supercilious section of society Mr. Graspington was a representative. With him poverty was disgrace, sickness imbecility, failure crime. He judged of everything, and everybody, by the amount of prosperity and success attained. The market value in gold was his test of talent, beauty, virtue, religion—himself and his doings the standard by which he gauged the merits, and estimated the demerits, of all that came under his notice. In person he was a wiry-looking man, about the middle height, very upright, with no superfluous flesh, looked younger than he really was (his age being sixty), slightly bald, with prominent, restless, grey eyes that seemed to see everything, and to roll as if they turned on pivots, and could, on occasion,

if needful, look back over his shoulders. His lipless mouth was like a slit across his face, that he seemed, when silent, to be perpetually trying to join and compress into a mere seam. A heavy jaw, and square chin, would have given a most disproportionate preponderance to the lower part of the face, but for the before-named baldness, which supplied an apparent openness to the forehead. His hair being grey, he duly kept it from encroaching on his face, and presented a particularly clean-shaven, sallow, well-soaped-and-barbered, look to all beholders.

The morning sun shone intrusively into the room—half parlour, half office—of Mr. Graspington's old weather-beaten house, in Red Lion Square, Holborn. At least he thought it an intrusion, to judge of the hasty clutch with which he seized the cord of the blind and shut out the not too frequent visitor in a London dwelling. The breakfast-table was laid, and the only superfluity, amid a somewhat cracked and sordid-looking service of blue crockery, was a whole sheaf of morning papers. These he seized on, read eagerly the money article, the ship and city news, the prices of the markets in each, without sitting down to his reading, and then rang the bell. It was answered by a woman, who, at a casual glance, could scarcely be classed distinctly. She might be servant, relation, or, indeed, wife; for she sat down at the table, and began arranging to pour out the coffee.



"No, Kizzy; we are late. That dial on the stairs loses—No; before you serve my breakfast, you must take up the papers to Mr. Bligh's chambers, and give Whitcombe's clerk his. They'll be here soon; and I have only had time this morning to give a mere glance at them."

By which it appeared that Mr. Graspington did not allow himself the luxury, or incur the expense, of the morning papers, but read them surreptitiously, congratulating himself, meanwhile, both on his economy and his acuteness.

While Kizzy was carrying the papers to their rightful owners, Mr. Graspington walked rather impatiently up and down the room, muttering to himself—

"What does that milksop, Ormond, mean by being ill and wanting change of air just now? It's all fancy. I'm never ill; and as for change of air, that's to be had in the way of business, quite often enough. Change of air, indeed! The air is as good here as anywhere, it's my belief."

"Why, Mr. Graspington, you've dropped a letter," said Kizzy, returning to her place at the breakfast-table, and stooping to pick up and hand a letter with an ominous black margin.

Mr. Graspington caught it from her hand, with his usual alertness, knit his brows, and rolled his restless eyes, as he glanced at the superscription; then, tearing it open, after a momentary scanning of its contents, said, impatiently, "Why, *that* Ormond!"

"Eh, sir? Mr. Ormond, did you say?" inquired Kizzy, her rasping voice rising to a thin squeak.

"Why, he's dead."

"Dead! He was quite well two days ago," said Kizzy, as if doubting the statement.

"To be sure, he was," rejoined Mr. Graspington, in an injured tone, and throwing the letter on the table; and, seating himself, he added, contemptuously—"He never had any pull in him—not he. Dead, indeed! Why, I am years older."

"Ah, but what a man you are, Mr. Graspington! One of a hundred. A hundred! What am I saying? One of a thousand."

"Seeing that there's near three millions of people in London, that's not much, Mrs. Keziah Crabbe."

He drew himself up, and balanced the pewter spoon, with which he had been stirring his coffee, on his fingers, and added, impressively—

"If I had not been a man of *ten* thousand, I shouldn't have been where I am. Why, I might have died, over and over again, if I hadn't pulled through. And here's this Ormond, now, gone at the first bit of an ache; and just at this time, too."

"Were it ill-convenient, just now, Cousin Tough?"

"Cousin me no cousins, if you please, Mrs. Keziah," he interposed, testily. "I've told you of that stupid old habit more than once; and I don't mean to do it again—mind that. Once speaking is enough for me, and it must be enough for you."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Graspington. I was only so grieved that Mr. Ormond's dying should be ill-convenient."

"Inconvenient, you mean. Yes, it is. I was just

making him useful, and showing him how to make his money grow. Ha! it just is inconvenient that he's gone and di——"

He checked himself, as if for the first time conscious of a certain touch of absurdity in his words; and the obsequious Kizzy chimed in with—

"And he'd just furnished his new house. And whatever will Mrs. Tregabbitt say?"

"Why, like you, she'll say plenty, whether it's worth saying, or not. I'm not sorry that she's disappointed—not I. I thought Ormond a simpleton, for taking a new house, and for dreaming of marrying again—whether it was Mrs. Tregabbitt, or Mrs. Anyone-else." He rose from his hasty breakfast, adding, as if to himself—"Once in a lifetime is enough for that folly."

"Once in a lifetime is generally once too often," said Kizzy, with husky kind of decision, as if she was repeating a favourite maxim of hers—now worn so dry, it rasped her throat as she uttered it; but suddenly, as if she remembered something for the first time, she exclaimed—"But there's Mr. Ormond's daughter, what's to become of her?"

"Become of her! Why, she'll come in for a pretty thing—a very pretty thing; and if Ormond hasn't tied his money up tight, as I advised him only last month—he'd never made his will till then—only think of that! When he talked about marrying, I said these words—'Ormond,' I said, 'if you go and do a foolish thing, don't do it like a fool; keep your daughter and your wife, if you mean to have one, separate. You'll have quite enough to manage one. They'll addle all the brains you have, with their din, in a month. Keep your girl at school; but don't be paying a hundred a year for her.'"

"A hundred a year! What! for going to school?" exclaimed Kizzy, lifting up both her hands as she spoke.

"Ha! you may well stare. One *hundred pounds* sterling a year for that girl's schooling; and all her fid-fads and fal-lals besides—another hundred, I'll warrant; not a stiver less. When he told me, I just mentioned Madame le Blanc's terms—twenty pounds, under twelve years, and twenty-eight after."

"And no rise for old pupils, only new ones; and no holidays, and no extras," added Kizzy, ticking off the advantages of Madame le Blanc's school on her fingers.

"Yes, I told him all that; but he said he wanted a first-rate education for his girl—as if any girl was ever the better for that; and as if a school in France wasn't the really fashionable thing."

"Quite the kick," ejaculated the admiring auditor; and got snubbed for her pains with the words—

"Do mind your speech. It will never be what a rational woman would use; but it may be tolerable, and in my house, let me tell you, it must be tolerable. 'The kick,' indeed!"

"It's only an old way we used to have at home of speaking."

"We? I never had it. I'd too many real kicks to talk about them at home, as you call it. A pretty home for me it was; but I'd brains, and that's what this Ormond hadn't—not he, or he'd have pulled through."

Just then there was a loud knock at the door, and Mrs. Keziah caught up the tray on which, while she had been speaking, she was gathering together the breakfast equipage, snatched off the cloth from the table, and threw over it, depositing the whole in a large cupboard in a recess, and then, smoothing her black apron—for she made, on the score both of gentility and expense, a protest against white or print aprons—she opened the street door, apologising, in a grim way, when she saw it was a strange gentleman, for not being quicker, by saying, "The office boy has not come yet."

"I know I am earlier than office hours," said a clear, fresh voice, "but I want to see Mr. Graspington on important business." He gave his card, and Kizzy's eyes were sufficiently sharp to read the name of Mr. Oakenshaw.

He was a tall young man, with well-defined features, but very pale. His light, wavy hair wanted the contrast of more colour in the face that it shaded, and which then would have been called very handsome; there was now refinement and intelligence, which impressed the stamp of gentleman to his appearance, notwithstanding the white seams in a well-brushed coat of rusty black.

Mr. Graspington had risen at the stranger's entrance. His wide-open eyes took in at a glance all the details of the young man's attire even more accurately than of his countenance—the latter was not such easy reading; and with an elaborate blandness that very imperfectly coated over the hard surface of his natural manner, said—

"Mr. Oakenshaw. Sit down, pray. You have the advantage of me. I have not had the pleasure of your acquain—"

"I am a stranger to you, sir. I am a connection of Mr. Ormond, and I come on behalf of my step-mother, Mr. Ormond's sister, to ask you, as that gentleman's friend, to mediate between him and her."

"Oh, make up a family quarrel, eh?" said Mr. Graspington, in a deprecatory tone.

"Hardly a quarrel, sir—an estrangement, rather, that began in the lifetime of the late Mrs. Ormond, and which—though she has been, as you know, many years dead—the circumstance of my father living abroad with my now widowed step-mother, has, somehow, perpetuated. We—that is, my father's widow and myself—have recently arrived in England, and, learning from Benson and Clipp, the family lawyers, to whom we applied, that you were Mr. Ormond's most intimate and confidential friend, I thought I would see you."

"When did you call on Benson and Clipp, young man?" interposed Mr. Graspington.

"Yesterday morning, and was delayed until too late I feared, to trouble you."

"Then you don't know what that will tell you." As he spoke, Mr. Graspington put the letter he had received that morning into the young man's hand, who read it with the bewildered gaze which hardly takes in the sense of what it sees. When he did comprehend the purport, how different was his manner of receiving the intelligence from that which we have witnessed at the breakfast-table. Reverently he laid the letter down on the desk by which he sat, and, in a low tone, said, "Dead! Poor man—poor gentleman! I am too late;

and my dear mother's earnest desire for reconciliation will be bitterly disappointed."

"Yes. You should have come sooner."

"I should indeed, sir. We should never defer the time of reconciliation, in this uncertain life."

"As to uncertain. Some people have a wonderful power of not yielding—not giving way; others succumb at once."

"Sooner or later all must succumb. There is no discharge in that war," said the young man, gravely.

Mr. Graspington shifted his chair uneasily.

"Is this your address? I'll let you know about further matters, as soon as I know anything myself. Has Mrs.—Mrs. Oakenshaw any expectations?"

"Expectations? Certainly; she expected to be reconciled to her brother."

"Hem! very proper, no doubt—very; but I mean, as to his property."

"She never thought about his property."

"Ha, I'm glad to hear it. No doubt she does not want anything. Well provided for, eh? Excuse me: I'm a plain man—a very plain, straightforward man. I don't beat about the bush. I'm Christopher Graspington—'Tough' Graspington, as my friends call me—to the back-bone."

Mr. Oakenshaw did not seem very agreeably impressed with this announcement. He raised his clear, bright, hawk-blue eyes a moment, and a light gleamed in them that altered the usually mild character of his face as he said—

"At such a time my mother would think of her niece's interests, and not, surely, of her own. Mr. Ormond has left a daughter. Where, pray, is Miss Ormond?"

"At some school at Richmond; I don't know the address—Benson and Clipp know it."

The office boy came in and announced another visitor, and Mr. Oakenshaw withdrew.

It was a well-known face that presented itself to Mr. Graspington.

"Why, Clipp, junior, you're early this morning—for you. At your age I—"

"Was up to everything, as well as the morning, no doubt: I've heard you say so, I think; but I come to give you a hint about Ormond. You're executor, jointly with Mrs. Tregabbit."

"With her! That's a tormenting addition to the trouble," said Mr. Graspington, in the only melancholy tone he had used yet; but his companion continued, without heeding the interruption—

"Joint executors and guardians to a good fortune—and a pretty girl."

### CHAPTER III.

#### RETROSPECTIVE.

THE day after that on which Mr. Graspington received the tidings of his friend's death, there came from the fashionable West End undertaker a card of invitation to the funeral, which was to be in two days from that time. The sense of injury, which was the first, and by far the greatest, emotion Mr. Graspington had felt when the sudden tidings came, had by no means diminished as he

had time to reflect upon the matter, for he was just then in the thick of many business schemes, all needing money to perfect them; and Mr. Ormond, a weak man, had so long trusted implicitly to Mr. Graspington's judgment, and believed him such an eminently successful man, that he had been duly brought to the long-desired condition his fortunate friend had aimed at, that of becoming as wax in the moulding hands of Mr. Graspington. However hateful egotism may be in the abstract, and to reflecting people, it always carries a certain influence with it on weak or ordinary minds. A man's appraisement of himself, if duly believed in and insisted on, is received by the mass; and as to the discerning few—why they remain the few, and their voice is unheard in the clamour of the many—at least for a time.

It was certainly some comfort to find, though he had rather expected it, that he was left executor, even if the office was tagged with the undesirable addenda of a woman and a girl mixed up in the matter—both, if not actually objectionable, certainly superfluous—the elder lady especially, in Mr. Graspington's estimation. As to the younger, why she must want two or three years of her majority, and the management of the estate during that time could be made remunerative of any trouble. Not that, for a moment, Mr. Graspington meant to take any unfair advantage. No, no; he prided himself on keeping close within the strict letter of the law. All dishonesty, in his estimation, was a stupid blunder, sure to be found out, and to ruin a man. "He wasn't such a fool," he said, "as to give any one living a pull upon him—not he."

One little half-yearly incident always periodically ruffled him, and it came just now, to add to his chagrin at Mr. Ormond's inopportune death. This was nothing more important than an ordinary school-bill, of very moderate amount, from Guines, for the young Edina, who was, in truth, Mr. Graspington's granddaughter.

In early manhood, before he had quite completed his twenty-first year, Mr. Graspington had committed matrimony. Whenever he referred to this, the solitary weakness of his life, he always said, "I did not waste time over it, or beat about the bush. I made up my mind at once, and got married out of hand, without fuss or nonsense." He had certainly contrived to persuade a gentle orphan girl, something his senior, and who possessed a little property and no near relations, to trust herself and her belongings to him. Starting in life with the money his wife brought him, he devoted himself to business so completely, that she had no reason to complain of his want of energy, though it may be, as she was a fond, foolish woman, she might have liked a little more tenderness; but if so, she learned to bear her lot patiently, and turned, as thousands of women do in such circumstances, to her children for comfort. They were two—a son and daughter, with an interval of two years in their ages. Just as their childish smiles grew sweetest, and the opening intelligence of their minds made them something of companions to her, she fell into delicate health, much to her husband's amazement, if not actual displeasure. "Want of sufficient exercise" was the reason he urged. So Mrs. Graspington took

long walks, was caught in the rain one day, and, returning home, took to her bed for a cold, and quietly slipped out of life. The widower was too busy, and the children too young, to mourn her loss much. Mr. Graspington thought very complacently of all the dresses he had bought her, and came to the conclusion that he had been the best of husbands. Nor did any one dispute the fact. "He's certainly a slave to business, but that showed he was a devoted husband and father, for of course he strove for those belonging to him."

Some household expenses had of late rather annoyed him, so on becoming a widower he remodelled his abode. A maiden cousin, Miss—or, as most people called her, Mrs.—Keziah Crabbe, who had a little annuity, enough to clothe her but not enough to keep her, came to take care of his children; and what with her unbounded faith in, and admiration of, her kinsman, and some congenial peculiarities in the way of scraping and saving, he soon got more used to her, than he ever had to the pretty, meek blossom that had withered in the cold shade at his side. He understood and overawed his cousin Kizzy. He could chide her without plunging her into tears, laugh at her without irritating her, command her without arousing any defiance; and she was so plain and homely, that no one ever for a moment accused him of intending to put his cousin in the place of the wife he had lost. Indeed, she had gradually settled down into being his servant, and her kinship was very seldom referred to—was, indeed, unknown to most, unless a slip of the tongue, as at breakfast recently, revealed it. Such a relationship conferred no honour on Mr. Graspington, so he discountenanced all allusion to it.

And yet, in their own childish home near Falmouth, they had grown up together as a brother and sister might. Keziah's father, in a hard kind of way, had reared his orphan nephew Christopher, and given the lad his outfit, when he set off to London to seek his fortune. But Mr. Graspington always refused to believe that any one had ever given him anything. He had done all himself—owed nothing to anybody. By dint of repeating this assertion, he had succeeded in making Kizzy believe it, as well as himself.

Of course, in a house under such management there was no wholesome room for childhood to expand into loveliness of mind and heart. George and Christiana Graspington were sent off to school as soon as possible; and as the schools selected were chosen invariably on the most economic principle, the children took their chance as to comfort, training, and instruction. Separated from each other, seldom brought home for the holidays, family ties and home joys were unknown—and, in time, uncared for. Each sought companions guided by youthful impulse, rather than any higher principle; and the consequence was that George married most imprudently, while he was yet an artful pupil to an architect; his father exclaiming vehemently against him as a monster of ingratitude.

Before Mr. Graspington's rage had time to cool, his daughter, whom he had a hidden spring of affection for in the secret depth of his granite heart, outraged him

